waters. Maliciously the latter lift the well-stacked piles of firewood, which they carry off with the same ease or difficulty as they do the rough-hewn logs which have been rolled to the river brink to serve as rafts. Using these as battering rams, the river attacks houses and barns, tears skiff and boat from hook and chain and drives terrified animals into the fatal current.

Then once again the Danube flows peacefully past the watchful water-gauges, to trickle cunningly above the dams on to the fields and meadows. Grassland and forests follow the river's course for long distances. The vegetation grows luxuriantly in the damply-warm climate of the Danube Valley, producing a primaeval, awe-inspiring picture. On the sand-banks of the river lives a polyglot world of birds. Cormorants and grey herons stand watchfully in the

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In Krems the Middle Ages live on into modern times—the old city gates, the patrician residence with its bow window jutting out above the street, the Parish Church with paintings by the Krems baroque artist Schmidt, the inns with their dark, carved furniture and pewter vessels on the walls. Behind the town the vineyards follow the river, the steep clay slopes threaded by horizontal lines of stone supporting walls.

The Wachau ends with a monastery on the right bank of the river, as it began with Melk above. Götzweig, in an open situation on the mountain side, may be seen from afar. Set back from the Danube harbour and the shipping routes, it stands calm and solitary, remote from the noise of the workaday world. It can boast of Dutch tapestries and delicate chairs in the Imperial Suite, these and the

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The Legend of Habergeas